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MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1910.

Harmon Points the Way.

Judson D. Harmon, Democratic governor of the Republic of Ohio, whose excellent administration gives him prominence as a Presidential quantity, permitted himself to be interviewed a few days ago—"loosened up," as he put it—with a result that is interesting, if not altogether impressive.

He tells us that the cost of living is high, the Republican party has lost the confidence of the country, the administration at Washington is unpopular, the people are dissatisfied with the new tariff, and the general conditions are favorable to Democratic success in November. None of which is startlingly new.

But there is a cure for the present political unrest, the governor tells us. It is easy. All that is required is to return the Democratic party to power and let it promptly enact a tariff-for-revenue measure. Read what he says:

"The way out of the woods is a simple one. Revise the tariff downward. There won't be any political rest until the popular demand is complied with. I don't believe in any special commission to go over the tariff. Such a plan would be only procrastination. Of course, if you're going to keep on helping certain interests make money it's going to take a lot of studying. On the other hand, if you're going to levy a tariff for revenue only—the kind of tariff that I believe in—it's comparatively simple. It's much easier than when it's the plan to help this fellow along and that fellow along. If Congress would go at it, Congress could revise the tariff logically without any special fuss and feathers and without much trouble. The present tariff is only the old Dingy tariff bill with a few new buttons."

Simple! Why, it is simplicity itself. Harmon points the way out of the woods. There is no use of "any special fuss and feathers." None whatever. "If Congress would go at it," Congress could levy "a tariff for revenue only" in no time, and "without much trouble."

The Democratic party is agreed, of course. It has always been agreed. Cleveland had not the least trouble advancing his tariff for revenue only ideas. Do we not all recall readily what an easy time he had of it when the Wilson-Gorman bill was being framed—how sweet harmony and accord prevailed and all labored to a common end? It is with pleasant memory of those delightful days, no doubt, that Mr. Harmon now points out the simple way. He was identified with national affairs then, or a little later, and knows whereof he speaks. And having followed the recent unpleasant struggle over the present unpopular tariff, does he not know that the Democratic Senators stood as one man for the tariff for revenue only principle, and fought, bled, and all but died for it?

On sober second thought, we refuse to believe that Gov. Harmon "loosened up" as quoted. We think too well of him.

The charitable view is our specialty.

The Peerless Shad.

To all disgruntled and hypercritical contemporaries, especially including the Houston Post and the Richmond Times-Dispatch, we commend the following impressive, sensible, and highly appreciative outburst from the Birmingham Ledger:

"Those of us who have eaten broiled shad at Washington, or planked shad at Marshall Hall, have to admit that of all the spring luxuries shad is the greatest. It brings sadness to a fish lover to read the stories of the fish in the Potomac, and yet be a thousand miles away from it."

As the Ledger so engagingly and truly says, shad is the greatest of all spring luxuries—especially and specifically the star-spangled shad of the placid Potomac. It is to be had in its greatest glory, of course, only in Washington or its immediate vicinity. It is the acknowledged keystone of spring's royal arch of happiness, we might say—which, being freely translated, means that it unquestionably cures the climate!

The Birmingham Ledger, evidently enough, has both the soul of a poet and the palate of a connoisseur. It has feasted in the seventh heaven of shad, and it would not now deny its everlasting gratulatory delight is, as the Birmingham Ledger avers, as more than that—it is pathetic. For such as the Ledger, however, the latching always dangles outside, and Alabamians are forever welcome. A visit to Washington is the best spring tonic ever conceived in the mind of man. It beats all the sarsaparilla.

parilla and rejuvenating compounds known to medical lore, and it is so pleasant to take! It banishes "that tired feeling," at least and without fail, until the subsequent New Year's Day.

And right now, in the midst of the good old shad time—well, the Ledger should come up, together with its sisters and its cousins and its aunts. Why harbor vain regrets a thousand miles away when such a cordial welcome awaits them here?

Roosevelt at Rome.

If the Vatican choose not to receive Theodore Roosevelt unless he conform to certain conditions, that is the Vatican's affair.

If Theodore Roosevelt choose not to visit the Vatican, unless unconditionally, that is Theodore Roosevelt's affair.

The ex-President is quite right in assuming that his countrymen, regardless of church affiliations, will approve his course. It was wholly American and in keeping with his character as an American citizen.

His cablegram to the Outlook gives importance to the episode which he would minimize as purely personal. He seeks to forestall bitter and rancorous comment. Certainly none is called for. He is a broad-minded man whose respect for the Catholic Church none can gainsay. His wish to pay his respects to the Pope is conclusive enough on that point. It is an episode that is fraught with no political meaning or international bearing. If Mr. Fairbanks encountered difficulties at Rome not of his own making, it might have been taken for granted that Mr. Roosevelt could not escape them.

No Boulevards in Washington.

This city is to be congratulated on having no "boulevards." In every city where this word is used for a thoroughfare it has caused trouble. Riverside drive, New York, sounds much better than Riverside boulevard. Pierce Mill road is more attractive and more euphonious than Pierce Mill boulevard would be.

Chicago has decided to follow the advice of the Municipal Art League, and will urge the park commissioners to use the words "drive," "road," and "way" in place of the high-bred French-German term. The word, while of French use, is of German extraction, a corruption of "bollwerk," meaning bulwark or rampart—a boulevard in reality being a drive laid out on the site of an abandoned fortification. It does not belong to America, being a survival of the age of feudalism. It has no place in America.

Mrs. Sage's Loans to the Poor.

The Sage millions, gained largely by loans in Wall street, especially at times of financial stringency, will now be put to good use. There is a singular coincidence in the announcement that this money will be used in aiding the deserving by means of small loans to families whose only recourse in the past has been the loan shark.

Mrs. Sage does not wish her money to be devoted to charity, but her form of philanthropy is closely akin, and is in itself a charitable act. The Sage wealth is not being given away; it is being put to a use that no doubt will prove more beneficial to the recipient than if given outright. It will tide over a time of financial stringency or of unexpected need, but the borrower will not feel humiliation in accepting nor lose his self-respect.

The plan to establish a chain of model loan offices throughout the State of New York could well be followed in other States, and it is possible that the Sage Foundation will enlarge its scope. If it does, it will mean an end to the usurious loan sharks. At present these shysters thrive at the expense of the poor, and Mrs. Sage comes to the rescue of those most needing help. The unscrupulous money lender must go wherever the Sage Foundation establishes an office.

This is a new field of philanthropy, and is fully the equal of Carnegie's interest in libraries and Rockefeller's assistance to educational institutions. They are deserving of the highest praise for the use to which they are putting their millions.

"Having settled the question, 'What is whiskey?' the government experts are now asking, 'What is wine?'" says the New York Mail. It is, perhaps, somewhat strange that no section of the country is clamoring exactly to know "What is wine?"

With respect to George Bernard Shaw, there are two classes of people—those who take him seriously and those who do not. Between the two, George is making a lot of easy money.

At least it seems fairly reasonable to assume that King Menelik is quite as dead as he isn't.

Now doth the busy gardener hike forth at break of day to hoe and chop and chop and hoe the early hours away.

Whether the country really wants a rough-house in the White House or merely finds it somewhat difficult to shake off the habit is, as yet, somewhat hard to determine.

Halley's comet will have to take something of a back seat, after all. It can come again seventy-five years hence, but this year's will positively be Bwana Tumbo's first and farewell return from Elba.

"Having a cold is a crime," says Dr. Wiley. A crime for which every person you meet has a different guaranteed cure, however.

Rameses II is credited by historians with having been "the best advertiser his country ever saw." Up to quite recently, however, "this country" had never seen the colonel, of course.

By persistently declining to say anything at all about American politics, Mr. Roosevelt is very cleverly managing to keep top o' column next to pure reading matter every day of his blessed life.

The world will incline to hope that Sir Ernest Shackleton may finish the south pole job all by himself. At present he is the center of no sort of controversy, and that is more than mildly pleasant.

"It is declared that Mr. Roosevelt no longer feels any responsibility for President Taft, but that the intimate friend-

ship once existing between them has ceased to exist," reads a cable from London. This illuminating bit of information probably comes from that world-famous correspondent, "They Say."

"Boat sails under saloon license," reads a headline in the Baltimore Sun. Still, many a water wagon travels under false colors.

"Uncle Joe" is beginning to talk interestingly and entertainingly of "the hereafter." A number of people will see in this an encouraging sign.

The bill to prohibit tipping in the District of Columbia will be reported favorably. Take a tip from us—it will not pass.

Football has claimed its first victim for 1910. Perhaps the best we dare hope is that no previous killing records will be broken this year, anyway.

Mr. Carnegie says it makes him sad to think of the scandals in Pittsburgh. This ought to impel Pittsburgh to turn over a new leaf. It is a melancholy thing to have "Uncle Andy" sad.

"Life" advertises itself as "the only real humorous publication in the world." That statement is not humorous—it is downright funny.

The prohibition situation in Georgia is unique. The prohibitionists have the form and the anti-prohibitionists have the liquid stuff as abundantly as ever, if not more so. And everybody seems happy.

Maude Adams in "Chanticleer" Bantam size, of course!

Those people who have their money on the Jeffries-Johnson bout never taking place are still of the opinion that they have a good bet.

"Title to the car seat rests in the man who gets it first rather than in the man who sees it first," says a St. Louis judge. That is good law, as everybody who gets the seat first will admit.

Surely, Indiana's noble arm of fiction writers might take the situation in hand and write a Republican platform that would get by.

"Noble weather man!" begins the Chicago Post. The poet should go very slow. We have noticed that the weather man usually grows balky when addressed in that gentle tone of voice.

The Norfolk Landmark thinks "prices must soon seek a lower level." Since Norfolk got that sunset gun restored, it seems to think the millennium certainly is at hand!

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Truly a Doubting Age.
King Menelik of Abyssinia will have to furnish proofs that he is dead.

Neither a Only a Joke.
From the New York Mail.
Mr. Carnegie refuses to make any more money. Is this a strike or a boycott?

Cause of Muckrakers.
From the Chicago Tribune.
There never would have been any magazine muckrakers if there had been no muck to rake.

The Ubiquitous Dr. Cook.
From the Nashville Tennessean.
Nothing in that rumor that Dr. Cook is at Pensacola, N. J. He is either at Santiago, Chile; Buenos Ayres, Argentina; Rio Janeiro, Brazil, or some way station.

The Next Investigation.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
After the House solemnly investigates the charge that there is a ship subsidy lobby in Washington it should appoint an investigating committee to ascertain whether anyone customarily occurs, and order the finding to be that there hasn't been a subsidy within the memory of any one now living.

The Sooner—The Better.
From the Buffalo Express.
It is understood that within a year President Taft will appoint commissioners to take up the subject of reciprocity with Canada. The sooner the better. It would help in the coming campaign if the commission could be appointed and could announce some definite results before the Congress elections.

Will Stand by Mr. Taft.
From the Ohio State Journal.
It is highly probable that by the time the next election comes around, the people will have made up their minds to stand by President Taft and return a Congress that will support him. The people think highly of President Taft personally, and are likely to think so politically before the contest is past. So it altogether too soon to be certain or to get scared at Massachusetts.

"Pay-as-you-enter" Funerals.
From the Omaha Bee.
Funerals on the pay-as-you-enter plan may soon be the rule in Omaha, as they are now in the East, and to some extent in Chicago and San Francisco.

Under this plan, the rumored coming of which has thrown the local undertakers into a flurry, a man may order a \$40 funeral with all necessities found, or may raise the limit according to his notion.

A \$40 funeral is said to include embalming, a hearse, a casket, two carriages and drivers. A \$75 funeral will, of course, secure a better casket and more carriages.

This new development in the conduct of funerals has resulted from agitation carried on in the East and in Chicago against the growing expense of burials.

IN BWANA TUMBO'S STORY.

In Bwana Tumbo's story.
We get the main facts.
And all the details go.
Resulting from his acts.
He tells us how he sighted.
And what he aimed to hit.
And when the ball alighted.
Just what became of it.

"What time I killed a lion."
Says Bwana to his best.
I finally glared my eye on.
The middle of his chest.
The ball—a 40 model—
Impinged upon his hip.
And rained into the canal.
Appendage near the tip.

In Bwana Tumbo's story.
We hear the bullet thud.
And what it even more, we
Can smell the fumes of blood.
He's very frank about it.
And leaves the reader no
Alternative to do it.
Was even this and so.

"I came upon a lion."
Says Bwana in a place.
And doing what but few do.
I shot him in the face.
The bullet smashed his gizzard.
In forty thousand hits.
And strewn from A to Izzard.
His obnoxious wit.

In Bwana Tumbo's story.
There is no tempered word
Or show of allegory.
Concerning what occurred.
It's all set down precisely.
As it appeared to him.
And nothing is said nicely.
That truth to tell was grim.

"I hit him in the shoulder."
Says Bwana in his style.
He shot up like a feller.
And perished with a smile.
It was the Holland steel him—
The steel—loose 42—
And it made a hole clear through him.
That I tossed my helmet through.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SPRING SONG.
The birds sing when it is spring.
The trees begin to bud;
The gentle spring doth also bring
A goodly crop of mud.

When it is spring the lambskins fling
Their nimble heels in play,
And Joucund spring doth on us ring
A weather shift each day.

No More Romance.
"Before marriage we used to hunt for
arbutus in springtime."
"And now?"
"Now we hunt a flat."

Looking Backward.
"That boy of mine was out pretty late
last night. Says he was sitting up with
a sick friend."
"Going to stand for that excuse?"
"Guess I'll have to. My father used
to honor it to a reasonable extent."

Modern Shopping.
"You might go to the jeweler's and get
some lamb to-day," suggested Mrs.
Housekeeper.
"All right," responded Mr. Housekeeper.
"And I'll also stop by the mint and get
some sauce to go with it."

Be an Optimist.
The pessimist now wants to bet
A goodly stake
That we for spring will only get
Another fake.

His Argument.
"Kindly remove your arm from around
my waist," said the proud beauty. "I
could never learn to love you."
"How do you know you couldn't?"
urged the persistent suitor. "You might
at least try a sample lesson."

Built for Speed.
"Can I make speed on this typewriter?"
"My dear sir, this machine is so speedy
that we have equipped it with a honk-
honk horn instead of a bell."

The Very Idea.
"I like grand opera music," chirped the
chatty young lady.
"Um."
"But the chorus is seldom pretty."
"However, if I shut my eyes I can en-
joy it."

And if you shut your mouth the rest
of us can enjoy it," murmured a voice
in the rear.

SCENE OF "GARDEN OF ALLAH."

Biskra, Made Famous by Robert
Hichens, Attracts Many Tourists.
Katherine L. Smith, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox and her husband
are spending some time at Biskra, that
strange town that Robert Hichens made
famous by his "Garden of Allah." Possi-
bly no writer has succeeded better in
conveying the atmosphere of a locality
than Hichens has of this queer, sleepy
town in Africa which contains about
5,000 Arabs and 400 French. In proportion
it has many more natives than Algiers,
and therein lies its charm. The natives
are Arabs, Kabyles, and Nomads or tent
dwellers, who lead an easy life, living on
cous-cous and dried dates. As the sun
shines all the year they have little need
to work, and the word worry is not in
their vocabulary.

The better class of Arabs are fine looking
and aristocratic, but rich or poor
they are bright and interesting and possess
occult powers to a marked degree. In
many cases the lower types seem
mind readers. The most interesting di-
vision for the foreigners since the "Garden
of Allah" made the place famous, is to
walk through the long and narrow
villages about half a mile from the
fashionable hotel, which the tourists frequent.
In fact after a few drives there
is little for foreigners to do but lounge
visit the beautiful public gardens and
let the natives, guides, and children
amuse them.

At night the tourists walk around the
streets, which are filled with Arab men
and dancing girls of the neighboring tribe
of Ouled-Aïd, who come here for the
season. These girls live in two streets
and have a hospital devoted to their ex-
clusive use. If sick or injured they are
obliged to go here, where they receive the
best of care.

Since Biskra has become celebrated it
has, as a rule, been filled with tourists,
but the season this year has been poor,
both at the Riviera and in Egypt. Even
Algiers has felt it, and the wreck of the
Balearic Islands about finished it, for
the disaster occurred to a boat that was
frequented by tourists.

Checking the People.
From the Dallas News.
There has never been in this country
as general uprising against extravagance,
jobbery, and graft as we are having
to-day. Let no guilty dispenser of
soft snaps at public expense fancy that
popular interest and complaint are to be
confined to the Aldrich confession that
the Federal government is wasting over
\$300,000,000 a year of money wrung from
the toilers and earners.

The people are going to expose and
condemn State, county, and city officials
who have betrayed the public. They will
see whether their governors have sold
them out to campaign employes, personal
friends, or relatives. They will find out
whether grave is really grave in jobs
for road improvement by county officials.
They will scrutinize even their judges to
ascertain whether they care for the ex-
pense account. In their cities they will
examine the street work and other work
that is done, and where the lumber in
the floors of buildings has rotted in a
year or so, providing it is to soft sap,
or whether other evidences of shabby
work appear, the people are going to
know it and hold somebody responsible
for it.

The time has come for the tax-bearing
animal to roar a little.

King Edward's Physicians.

From M. A. P.
In all there are twenty-five physicians
and surgeons attached to the royal
household. Of these, however, four are
appointed in Ireland and an equal number
in Scotland, and would, in the event
of their services being required, only be
called upon to attend the king when the
court happened to be in Ireland or Scotland.
There are five physicians all
together specially appointed to attend
King Edward, but Sir Francis Laking,
one of the physicians-in-ordinary, is his
majesty's most frequent medical adviser.

The king sees one of the household
physicians every day, but the interview
is a mere matter of form and lasts but a
few minutes. The fact, however, that
the interview has taken place is noted in
the medical diary in charge of the physician-in-ordinary, in which is kept a
daily record of his majesty's health.

THE MAGAZINES.

Come, children, sit beside the fire, like little kings and queens,
while I read out some sparkling tales from this month's magazines;
a pleasant place in every home these publications fill; they represent
our ripest thought, the writers' highest skill; they both in-
struct and entertain old age and gentle youth, and in the place
where darkness was they hold the lamp of truth. Now here's a splen-
did tale that shows how grafters, void of shame, have held the
town of Punkville up, and robbed it blind and lame. And here's an
able article which shows that wealthy men are loathsome
brigands, one and all, and should be in the pen. Here Wallace
Irwin brightens up a page with bits of rhyme; and here's the
'steenth installment of a yarn by Oppenheim. Let's take another
magazine; this one makes great todo about the slaves who groan
and bleed in far-off Timbuctoo; it also has a lovely roast about a
statesman famed, who really ought to be ashamed that he is not
ashamed; it has a most amusing tale about "The Nation's Crime,"
and forty-seven pages of a work by Oppenheim. And thus, my
children, are they all; they all are warm enough; they all are
loaded to the guards with hot, uplifting stuff, with arson, pillage,
breach of trust, embezzlements sublime, all flavored with a sample
of the dope of Oppenheim.

WALT MASON.

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PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Women in Male Roles.

It is difficult in these days for man to
keep pace with his better half in ambition
for excellence of one sort or another.
There is hardly any line of endeavor re-
quiring brain work and skill, be it pur-
suit or pleasure, in which he is not kept
pace with, to say the least, by women.
Privileges and room for development of
talents hitherto latent in the gentler sex
are to-day being granted to such an ex-
tent as would cause our forefathers to
roll over in their graves should the truth
become known to them. Woman has of
late come to the fore in the matter of
pool, billiards, and bowling, in wrestling,
boxing, rowing, baseball, hunting, golf,
and in the practice of law, of medicine,
in preaching the gospel, etc., and in al-
most every respect is she, in some in-
stances, working on an equal plane and
with the same success as her brother.
This is true in every civilized country.
A graphic illustration of the progress the
emancipation of the "hausfrau" is mak-
ing in Germany is seen in the fact that
a recently opened Berlin restaurant has
reserved a billiard room especially for
the use of women, probably the first pub-
lic facility of the kind placed at the dis-
posal of the fair sex. The cafe in point
is the property of Hugo Kerkau, the Ger-
man billiard champion, who has fre-
quently crossed cues with the late Mr.
Schaefer and other American cue ex-
perts.

A Mountain of Death.

A Japanese exploration party recently
ascended Mount Taibu, one of the loftiest
peaks in Formosa and rising 12,000 feet
above the level of the sea. When the
party reached an aboriginal village of the
Peuma tribe, half way up the mountain,
they employed twenty-one natives to ac-
company them during the balance of the
ascend. Mount Taibu is believed by the
aborigines to be a mountain of death,
according to a many-century-old legend,
and no one of them has ever been known
to attempt the climbing of its inclined
sides previous to the time in question.
Being in great fear for the undertaking,
they agreed, but warned the members of
the party not to break the branches of
the trees, to make loud noises, or throw
stones, for they superstitiously conjured
up the most dire happenings as attend-
ant upon any such sacrilege. Of course,
the party paid little attention to these
well-meant warnings, whereupon the na-
tives absolutely refused to proceed fur-
ther and returned to their families. The
main party went right on about its busi-
ness, however, and eventually reached
the summit of the peak without en-
countering the wrath of the gods, and, it
is said, made some rather valuable
discoveries.

Paper from Sugar Cane.

The manufacture of paper from bagasse,
the dry refuse of sugar cane after the
juice has been pressed therefrom, has
often been advocated, but never accom-
plished on a commercial scale. The in-
creased cost of wood pulp has stimulated
experiments in this direction, but the
machinery used in sugar making so cuts
and tears the fiber that the bagasse is
fit only for fuel. A company organized
in the United States is constructing a

large plant at Preston, on Nipe Bay,
Cuba, to make a practical test of a
patented process for expressing the juice
and at the same time conserving the fiber
and pulp for paper. The fiber is sepa-
rated from the pulp by machinery, and
then by evaporation the water is elimi-
nated, leaving the dry fiber and pulp con-
taining the solids and sucrose, from which
sugar is made. The fiber and pulp are
then baled separately for shipment to the
United States, where the sugar is ex-
tracted by diffusion. By this treatment
the fiber is uninjured and can be used in
making high-grade paper at a consider-
able saving as compared with the cost of
wood pulp. The residue from the pulp is
also made suitable for low-grade paper.
It is claimed that the preliminary tests,
on a small scale, have proved successful,
and that in addition to preserving the
bagasse for paper manufacture a larger
percentage of sucrose is obtained than is
possible by the present methods of ex-
traction in sugar houses. The result of
the experiment will be watched with
much interest by cane sugar producers
and manufacturers, because if successful
it will revolutionize the sugar business
in all cane-producing countries.

LEOPOLD THE GRAFTER.

Some Recent Disclosures Affecting
that Deceased Monarch.

From the Chicago Tribune.

There is never a politician whose meth-
ods are so hateful and subverting, or a
swindler whose life is so despicable, that
some one will not rise to defend him.
As it is with them, so it is with those
in higher places. On the death of King
Leopold, a monarch whose whole life
was a disgrace to European civilization,
there were not wanting those who sprang
forward to defend his character, and to
make excuses for his private life and
public acts.

But from the disclosures recently made
in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies it
appears that the depths of Leopold's in-
famy were not represented by what was
known of his character during his life-
time. Not only was he the silent partner
in Ostend gambling dens, the power be-
hind the unspeakable brutality in the
Congo government, the spendthrift friend
of Parisian demi-mondaines, but the
robber of his own thrifty and loyal sub-
jects.

Instead of leaving a fortune of only
\$3,000,000, it is now disclosed that he had
at least \$14,000,000 invested in companies
managed by dummy directors, and that
of this sum \$5,000,000 was in Congo bonds.
It is admitted both by the minister of
justice and the leader of the Liberal
party in Parliament that state funds
amounting to at least \$5,000,000, and pos-
sibly more, were converted by the late
King to his own uses, and it is charged
that he did so through the debauching
of the judiciary and other officials.

The Parliament evidently is determined
to investigate the matter to the bottom,
and among other things it will try to
ascertain how much of the stolen money
has been put into the magnificent estab-
lishment given by the King to his mis-
tress shortly before his death.

According to Precedent.

From the Kansas City Times.

Does Sandwich, Ill., observe the meat
boycott? There's a town one wouldn't
expect to find any meat in.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of the American Flag—April 4.

To-day is the actual birthday of the
American flag, the flag as we know it—
the flag that has thirteen stripes and
star for every State. This flag, the Amer-
ican flag of to-day, was adopted by Con-
gress on April 4, 1818, and was designed
by Capt. Samuel C. Reed. In the flag of
1818 there were twenty stars; to-day there
are forty-six.

The American flag which Washington
first unfurled at Cambridge, Mass., on
January 1, 1776, was composed of thirteen
red and white stripes, with the crosses
of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned
on the